

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS-  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 62 No. 4

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 4

The attractive frontispiece this month is from a photograph kindly supplied by the Horse Association of America, Chicago, showing that horses are still being bred to meet the demand on the great farms of the West.

Our readers sometimes tell us of their indignation at the lightness of the penalty imposed upon those convicted in our courts for cruelty to animals. But the penalty is for the judge to decide. Once his sentence is imposed we can do no more.

One of our Society's new medals was awarded a young lad in Tacoma, Washington, recently, for his heroism in rescuing a dog from drowning. The medal was presented by our Tacoma representative, Mrs. Nichols, in the presence of a thousand of his fellow students.

The first Horse Parade ever seen in Tokyo occurred some weeks ago. It was planned and carried out by the local S. P. C. A. and under the patronage of Prince Higashi Kuni, General Nagaoka acting as Grand Marshal. Two hundred horses decorated with bright trappings and flowers passed through the streets of the city telling in unspoken language the story of the Society's work and leaving behind them an influence of fine educational value.

The Animals' Friend Society of Berlin has recently obtained from the Berlin Police President the enforcement of several measures, among which are the following: On uneven building ground the cart tracks must be laid with planks; cracking the whip is forbidden; drivers transgressing much or often will not be allowed to drive in the future; fish must be kept in a humane manner when kept, and when killed, humanely killed; dogs in dangerous traffic streets must be kept on leash.

The *Flower Grower*, Calcium, N. Y., the best periodical we know on the subject of raising flowers, carries this line across the bottom of its front cover: "Exponent of Flowers and Nature in Humane Education." Our congratulations to the editor, Mr. Madison Cooper, whose love of nature includes the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom.

## Turkey Introduces Camel-Fight

A SURPRISING piece of news, thoroughly authenticated, comes to us from Turkey. It is that New Turkey, supposedly representing progress and all that goes with the forward movement of a nation, is about to introduce so barbarous and cruel a sport as that of camel-fighting. When we remember that the former Turkish Government prohibited bull-fighting in 1912 we are the more amazed at this so-called sport's being even tolerated by the present administration.

The news that comes to us says the staging of these camel-fights is to raise money for national defense through the Aviation Department. Fifty camels have already been secured with their attendants for this purpose.

The camel, as nearly all know, is a quiet, rather dignified creature, but it seems when enraged his anger is furious.

Surely if Turkey desires to win and maintain the regard and good will of the better part of the outside world she will hasten to wipe this stain of blood-and cruelty from the new record she is making for herself.

## Great Britain Leads

How far our English friends are ahead of us in their interest in animal welfare is evident by the repeated discussions that take place in the British Parliament relative to the protection of animals from cruelty. Imagine our American Congress meeting to concern itself with a bill to guard performing animals from all possibility of ill usage, or a bill to protect horses, or mules or ponies in mines, or a bill to empower a court when imposing a fine upon a man for cruelty to his dog to declare him forbidden for a given length of time to take out another license! Too many of those occupying the Seats of the Mighty among us would deem it beneath their exalted station even to think of such things. Yet what days are wasted by them in speeches over far less important subjects. Even in our state legislatures where such measures would naturally come for action it is too often that they are regarded as too trivial for serious consideration. Steadily, however, we are moving forward. Humane measures are no longer greeted with either indifference or ridicule. They do get a hearing.

## The Great Hope

THIS is the title given to one of the best addresses Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, ever made. It was delivered upon the last anniversary of Armistice Day. We quote only a sentence here and there: "There are no sovereign nations save in the empty phrase of the law. The moral order is sovereign, but no civilized nation can be. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' was the insolent answer of Cain, and his punishment followed apace. 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.' Today that same fearful punishment awaits the nation that will not rise to its moral obligation as its brother's keeper."

"The time has come," he said, "for public opinion and constructive statesmanship to put a stop to the influence of the so-called naval experts and to do for the navies of the world what the governments of Germany, Great Britain and the United States have done for their respective national armies. To insist upon naval expansion now, with the ink on the Pact of Paris hardly dry, would be worse than a travesty. It would be the most complete confession of national insincerity."

The address closed with the lines of Alfred Noyes written for the anniversary. They are so fine we are confident many of our readers unfamiliar with them will be glad to see them:

*They have no pact to sign—our peaceful dead.  
Pacts are for trembling hands and heads grown gray.  
Ten million graves record what youth has said,  
And cannot now un-say.*

*They have no pact to sign—our quiet dead  
Whose eyes in that eternal peace are drowned.  
Age doubts and wakes, and asks if night be fled;  
But youth sleeps sound.*

*They have no pact to sign—our faithful dead.  
Theirs is a deeper pledge, unseen, unheard,  
Sealed in the dark, unwritten, sealed with red;  
And they will keep their word.*

*They have no pact to sign—our happy dead.  
But if, O God if WE should sign in rain,  
With dreadful eyes, out of each narrow bed,  
Our dead will rise again.*



## Coverings

MRS. FAND wore a fox round her wrinkled throat;

He was killed at dawn as he snarled his threat  
In a bracken-brake where the mist lay wet.  
Two men were drowned in a shattered boat  
Hunting the whale for the silk-bound shred  
That balanced her bust with her henna'd head.

An osprey's plume brushed her fallen chin,  
And a lorgnette swung on a platinum chain  
To deputize for her sightless brain.  
Her high-heeled shoes were of python skin,  
Her gloves of the gentle reindeer's hide.  
And to make her card-case a lizard died.

She watched the flickering counter-play  
As the snake reared up with tongue and eye,  
Licking the air for newt and fly;  
And shook herself as she turned away  
With a tolerant movement of her head:  
"The nasty, horrid thing!" she said.

STELLA GIBBONS in *The London Mercury*

## Trapping the Beaver

G. T. MURPHY

UP in this neck of land, which juts out of Michigan into Lake Superior, wild life still enjoys some of that freedom which nature intended it should. In this district where man is close to nature he understands and appreciates the creatures which roam the forest and he is quick to raise a protecting hand in defense of the forest folk.

The upper peninsula of Michigan is known as a great beaver country. Beaver abound here because laws have been made which protect this hardy little toiler of the wilds, who in turn performs many worthy deeds for his human neighbors. Occasionally a beaver violates his trust but the understanding men help the wayward one back on the right path.

Recently a beaver colony moved to Porter's Island in Copper Harbor on the extreme end of the Keweenaw Peninsula. The leader of the colony decided that a spacious boat-house nearby would make an ideal place in which to build a beaver hut. The owner of the boat-house was not using the place at the time, but when he went to the house to prepare it for winter use he found it filled to the roof with poplar, birch and other cuttings which the beaver in the course of two weeks had floated across the bay.

The boat-house owner was puzzled. The following day he visited the place again and found that during his absence more work had been done toward completing the hut. He sought the advice of a game warden. It was decided to trap the beaver.

The trap was not one of the steel-jawed type which rips through flesh and muscle and shatters the bone but was a wire contraption which the warden said would not injure the beaver. The trap was set and the next day a husky beaver was found cuddled in the wire enclosure, looking sheepishly at his captors. He was removed to a spot about a mile away where fresh beaver cuttings had been started a few days before and there he was released. He swam out to the hut which was almost completed by others and disappeared.

The game warden remained at the scene for several hours to see whether the colony would accept the stranger, and no sign of disorder marked the quiet of the beaver colony. The humane method of handling the beaver has been tried scores of times in this district and is a success.

## Companions in Adversity

ORIN E. PAUL

STONEMAN trapped because he liked to trap. He could have made more money at anything else. Anyone can.

He ran his trapline every third day. That meant that any little, wild thing that chanced to step into one of his traps would have to remain from one to three days and nights, with its foot between steel jaws, until Stoneman came to end its suffering with death.

One day, he was making cedar posts only a few yards from where he had set a trap for skunk. He had driven a wooden "glut" into the tough log and was reaching into the cleft to draw out a wedge, when the glut suddenly flew out and Stoneman found himself caught half way to the elbow. He shouted for help until he was hoarse, but no one heard him, in that isolated spot. He knew that his wife would not return until the next day, or perhaps later.

Hunger and thirst were eclipsed by the unbearable pain, which increased with the swelling, as hour after hour of daylight passed and darkness came on. Fortunately, it was not a cold night or he would have frozen to death. Before midnight the moon rose. Soon after, a moving, black and white object caught his eye and he saw that a skunk was in his trap.

The quiet fortitude with which the little creature bore its misfortune made the man ashamed of himself; but it gave him courage to better bear the pain in his numb and throbbing arm. It was nearly noon, the next day, when the sound of a horse's hoofs came to Stoneman's ears, the most welcome sound he had ever heard. He wondered how he would feel if he were a wild creature, instead of a human, at sound of those approaching steps. It was a mountain cattle man, searching for strays. A shout brought help and the trapper was soon at liberty.

But, from thenceforth, he ceased to be a trapper. Let it be said to his credit, that his first act was to release the skunk. That same day, he "pulled" all of his traps, twenty in all, put them into a bag and sunk them in the river. He was a fair-minded man.

## A Model Resolution

What can I do to help the good cause? This question is often asked. Here is a suggestion or proposition that many, we believe, will welcome and take advantage of as opportunity offers:

WHEREAS, scores or hundreds of millions of fur-bearing and other animals yearly are now taken in the leg-gripping steel trap, which holds each of them for many hours or days alive with leg or paw so crushed and mangled as to cause excruciating agony, be it

RESOLVED, that the use of the common steel trap for taking fur-bearing and other animals, as one of the greatest cruelties in the world, should no longer be tolerated by Christian civilization, and that a wise method for speeding its abatement will be the insistence by every purchaser of a fur garment that the material therein shall have been obtained in some humane way.

IF you disapprove of animal performances and want to help to put an end to them,

Join the Jack London Club

by agreeing to withdraw from all exhibitions of trained animals and sending your name to *Our Dumb Animals*.



MADAME MAURY, PARIS, FRANCE

A Jack London Club has been formed in Paris for the purpose of protecting animals that are sick or not in fit condition as a result of being abused by persons who are trying to train them. Madame Maury, one of the great animal lovers of that metropolis, is the head of this active organization.

## No Applause

GARLAND D. FRONABARGER

RECENTLY in a theater in a Missouri city I witnessed a demonstration that clearly indicated the respect the average person holds for animals. For fifteen minutes a man, garbed as an animal trainer and who styled himself as "Captain ——" had endeavored to get four black bears to perform in a manner that would draw applause from the 1,500 persons in the audience. Each act was slightly more difficult than the one preceding it, but the best drew slight clapping of hands.

Exasperated, the trainer coaxed the largest of the bears, a huge gaunt fellow, to mount a large ball and remain on his perch while he rolled the ball around the stage. There was no disputing that this accomplishment was a feat difficult for even a well-trained athlete, to say nothing of a dumb animal. When the stage had been circled Bruin rolled listlessly from the ball, as if he was a machine and his labor was timed to be checked automatically, and mounted a bench where he sat licking his paws.

Captain — bowed, and only a few scattered handclappings applauded him. The curtain fell, and the act was finished—a failure, because human kindness had so judged.

It is no wonder that the theater crowd did not applaud. It would have applauded a true sportsman, but such a person would not have appeared on the stage with dumb animals, cowed into submission and made to heartlessly perform meaningless tricks. A true sportsman does not exert an ill-used craftiness against brute force. In such an instance applause is not deserving; it were better that it be withheld.

### Epitaph on a Dog

NANCY BYRD TURNER

HERE lies at rest, unknown to fame,  
Of dark descent and doubtful name,  
One "Binks." Here lie his treasures, too—  
A ball, a bone, a worried shoe.  
Nay, stranger, drop no idle tears:  
He loved one small lad all his years!

### And the Dog Was Saved

ERNEST WARREN BROCKWAY

A DOG was swimming across the Connecticut River, when one of the Hartford-New York steamboats was bearing down close to the dog who was then about midway of the channel. Had the steamer continued at the speed she was then making it would have been impossible for the dog to have gotten across the channel. Either he would have been struck by the steamer or else he would have been sucked down by the undertow and, undoubtedly, have met his death in that way, for the channel was extremely narrow there.

I was standing on the upper deck talking with the captain, Captain Bacon. He espied the dog before I did and called my attention to it. He immediately gave orders to slow down the steamer and also to swerve her as far as possible, which could be but slightly, away from the dog. And, of course, the dog's life was saved.

This was fifteen or more years ago, but the incident is one that I shall never forget. And I am sure that many others who saw it will never forget it either.

Whenever I see a ruthless, careless automobile driver showing no mercy whatever to a cat, a dog or a chicken that happens to get in his way, this incident comes back to me with special clearness. And what is the checking of the speed of an automobile compared with the slowing down of a large steamer! Would that there could be a Captain Bacon at every automobile wheel!

### A Teething Ring for Fido

C. BERNARD PETERSON

How the children love a puppy! And what a nuisance one can be! Puppy habits are very trying, but perhaps the most trying of all is the habit of chewing things. Especially shoes. Puppy's taste is universal in this matter, and all he requires is that the object be of leather or other solid but yielding material.

This chewing habit may be expensive, as more than one owner has learned, and sometimes people weary of it before the puppy outgrows it. That's what happened to a doctor. But he didn't give his pup away. He trained him.

"It is just teething," he said to his wife when his dog had chewed to pieces his best pair of shoes. Then he hung an old shoe behind the kitchen door, showed the dog where it was, and gave him to understand that that shoe, and it only, was for him. The dog learned in a surprisingly short time, and whenever he felt a chewing mood come on, would worry the shoe until he felt better.

From that time on shoes were safe in the doctor's home.

The Be Kind to Animals Anniversary will be observed this year, April 15 to 20, with Humane Sunday, April 14.



### Do Dogs Behave Like Human Beings?

WALTER A. DYER

THERE are ways, as every dog owner knows, in which canine behavior, more than that of any other animal with the possible exception of monkeys and apes, seemingly approximates human behavior. I am inclined to doubt, however, whether this similarity is as common or as unmistakable as we have generally supposed. Being the most egotistical of all animals, we men are accustomed to interpret dog behavior in terms of human ideas, motives, and responses, when perhaps the canine mental processes, to be analyzed precisely, require an entirely different idiom. We say of our dog, "He is thinking so-and-so," or "He's trying to tell you such-and-such." If he were a human being we would be justified, through knowledge of our own mental processes, in drawing such facile conclusions. But a dog thinks doglike thoughts, his mind works in a doglike way, and we have no real evidence to prove that it is the human way. Sometimes, as a matter of coincidence, perhaps, it seems to be almost human, and yet the most dog-wise person must confess that something remains unexplained.

I think I am safe in saying that the dog, judged by human standards, is the most intelligent of animals. But it is our human egotism that prompts us to judge by human standards and to say condescendingly of the dog that he displays "almost human intelligence." The fact is that what he displays is canine intelligence—quite a different thing. And who are we to insist that this is inferior to human intelligence? If we are honest we must confess to an occasional dim consciousness of superiority in the dog. Certainly my dog is often aware of things that I am not aware of, and this awareness is not always due to keener and better co-ordinated senses. I imagine that I am imparting some piece of information to him only to discover that he knew about it all the time.

Let me offer a simple anecdote to illustrate the manner in which we habitually resort to the human interpretation of canine behavior. A German shepherd puppy was presented to a man in a Long Island town whom I will call Mr. Brown. When the puppy had become accustomed to his new surroundings and had established an *entente cordiale* with "Lassie," Mr. Brown's old collie, he was let out of the house to become acquainted with the great world. I will let Mr. Brown tell the story in order to show how subtly the human idiom creeps into an ordinary account of canine behavior.

"Of all the residents in our town, there was just one man with whom my family was not on friendly terms. To the premises of this Mr. Smith did 'Peter' the pup, through some perverse impulse, immediately resort for his first experiments with life and humankind. The month was May. A new lawn had been planted in front of the Smith house and the young grass was just getting a good start. Mr. Smith, before going to the city that morning, had set the lawn sprinkler going.

"Peter the pup had never seen a lawn sprinkler before. It interested him hugely. He started to investigate. Advancing cautiously, with rolling eyes and frequent backward leaps, he tested the purposes and possibilities of this strange creature.

"At length Peter became aware of its power to wet him. At first this frightened and angered him and he barked furiously at it. Then it began to interest him. At last, the day being warm, it pleased him.

"Finally, Peter walked in under the spray and proceeded to dig a bathtub in the lawn. (He was already an accomplished excavator.) He made a thorough job of it. He dug a hole two feet long, a foot wide, and a foot deep, by a rough estimate. Then he stepped aside and waited for the hole to fill with water, after which he took a bath. Now don't you think that such intelligence in a mere baby of a dog is most remarkable?"

The sequel of this tale is of minor consequence in this discussion. That night Peter's master, much humiliated, was obliged to fetch a wheelbarrow and a shovel and fill up the hole that Peter had dug in Mr. Smith's new lawn.

Now Peter did behave something like a human being in all this, but the way in which the narrator interpreted his actions in terms of human mental processes is probably as inaccurate as it is characteristic. We all do it. And yet what right have we to assume that Peter's mind worked in the way that a human mind would under the circumstances? Aren't we assuming a sort of omniscience? Quite as likely Peter only pretended that he was afraid of the lawn sprinkler, and the whole act was not so much the discovery of the manufacture and uses of a bathtub as part of a delightful game which he had devised on the spur of the moment in a manner quite typical of playful puppies. He probably developed no plan for obtaining a dip; the pool was an unintended outcome, a by-product of his play. A dog will often dig himself a hole in a cool spot on a warm day, instinctively and without special thought.

I do not wish to belittle Peter's sagacity or that of any other dog. It is extraordinary enough in a purely doglike way. But I fancy we are prone to consider a dog's mental processes more complicated than they are, simply because our own ratiocinations, under like conditions, would be complex. Undoubtedly one of the chief characteristics of a dog's thinking (if I may use the word) is its simplicity and directness.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to rid ourselves of the belief that dogs behave like human beings because their minds act like those of human beings. There is the sense of property, for example, which of all animals only the dog seems to possess in common with man. And surely the dog's emotions are not unlike ours. Sometimes we have curious revelations of canine understanding which make their minds seem akin to man's. Just what dogs do understand, or seem to understand, is a question that I would like to speculate upon at some later date.

### Keeping Your Dog at Home

LESTER BANKS

**T**O be satisfied at home, a dog must have exercise. If his master does not take him for a hike, he is apt to get out on his own hook.

The dog's kennel must be comfortable. If it is too hot or too cold, or infested with fleas, he will do the very natural thing—get out and look for better quarters. Hunger, too, will make him restless, so I should say that the three fundamentals are: enough exercise to make him tired, a generous feed in the evening, and a clean, comfortable bed.

Dogs are sociable creatures. They crave company, and that is the reason why the owner of two or more canines seldom has any trouble from "bumming." One runabout, especially if he barks much, can lure dozens of other dogs out. If you can induce other owners in the vicinity to keep their pets at home, each animal will be less apt to leave his own yard.

Learning the cause for your dog's "excursions" usually simplifies correction. Slyly watch him some night and see where he goes. Often it will be found that some particular hen-house or garbage can is his destination. Egg-sucking is common among dogs. The owner of the chickens will gladly co-operate with you, and an egg can be so "loaded" (with pepper or some other disagreeable substance) as to cure Touser sharply and permanently.

Do not tie the dog up; it only makes him worse when he is liberated. Besides, it spoils his disposition. Do not whip him; unless you do so at the time he is starting. Any reproof given hours after the offense does no good, for your pet will not know its reason. Such only makes him afraid of you and more desirous of running away. If you can so plan it as to catch him in the act of running off, mild switching then will help. Accompany it with orders (always in the same words) to stay home; and lead him back every time. Do this repeatedly, being particularly good to him at other times, and he will catch on. Never under any circumstances kick or beat your dog. If you lose your temper, let him entirely alone until next day.

"What is untold wealth?"

"That which does not appear on income tax reports."

—The Reporter

## Saved to Starve?

GEORGE BALLARD BOWERS

**W**HY do we save from extermination in their native haunts certain species of wild animal life? Is it solely that the doubtful pleasure of killing them may be extended to future generations? Except for a few exceptions the answer is yes, and the proof is our present game laws are framed with that end in view. In recent years a more humane motive has been brought to the public attention; the recreational value of wild animal life in our parks, national forests and areas unsuited to permanent human habitation, and, moreover, to an ever-increasing number of citizens, it does not seem logical to save from extinction such creatures as the elk, buffalo and other rare species that they may be killed later by sportsmen.

Our Federal government has saved from extinction a number of our noblest specimens of wild animal life, two of which have been increased by thousands, but it is unable to guard them from the sufferings of hunger and, in many instances, starvation. This is true of the mule deer of the Kaibab National Forest and the American elk herds of Yellowstone National Park and its environs.

Eight years ago elk in the region of Yellowstone National Park were threatened with extermination because of starvation. Since that time, because of feeding and care by the Federal government and humane agencies, the herd is said to have increased within the park and its adjacent territory of Montana and Wyoming, to 30,000, a number too great for their allotted grazing area and extra feed provided by the government.

The Grand Canyon Game Preserve was established in 1906 primarily for the protection of the mule deer then threatened with extinction. It contains about 850,000 acres largely within the Kaibab National Forest in Northern Arizona between the Grand Canyon and the dry semi-desert country of the north and west.

When the preserve was established there were only a few mule deer left. The herd has now increased to 30,000 while there is feed available for no more than 20,000. It is said that on large areas the more valuable forage

plants have been greatly depleted or destroyed by excessive grazing and young forest trees have been seriously injured. Annually large numbers, mostly fawns, die of starvation.

Competent observers visiting both places mentioned to study the deplorable conditions briefly described have suggested two modes of relief; feeding and the reduction, through humane means, of the animals to such a number as the natural forage conditions may require. Feeding can never be more than emergency relief, otherwise it would become too great a burden for the public treasury; because of the rapid increase of the protected animals.

We wonder why nothing has been done to remedy permanently such a cruel condition that has received wide publicity in the press of the Pacific coast. The Federal authorities charged with the care of our wild animal life disclaim responsibility. Their efforts to prevent the starvation of the elk and mule deer have been thwarted by state game laws and opposition of local authorities and politicians backed, it is asserted, by sportsmen who insist that all wild animal life known legally as game is saved from extinction that they may enjoy the pleasure of killing it.

An effective remedy is obvious, nation-wide laws based upon known facts of science and humane principles rather than upon the viewpoint of the sportsman. That would preclude any conflict between the Federal and state laws.

### Favored Rare Old Age

EDITH A. SAWYER

In busy, on-rushing New York City dwell a prominent Japanese and his wife. There are no children in the household—but within its delightful half-foreign, half-American environment live two rarely fortunate canaries. One of the canaries, about five years old, lilt his melodies gaily in return for devoted care,—just an average, happy songster. The other little feathered creature has attained the great age, for a canary, of twenty years, years which have left their marks upon him and which have at the same time endeared him the more to his owners.

This score-of-years old canary has lost, through an accident, one of its tiny feet, also the sight of one eye has gone. Its singing days are well-nigh over, yet on Sunday mornings, when as a weekly rite, the master of the house feeds a bit of hard-boiled egg to the old canary, talks to it, coaxes it, the frail little morsel of life shows its appreciation by flapping feebly its now thin-feathered wings and chirruping a few sweet, faint notes.

So unfailing is the devotion to the canaries of the Japanese gentleman and his wife that they never remain away from home together for even a night. If one goes, the other remains, lest some lack of attention on the part of maid or friend result in harm to the tenderly regarded pets.

Even this simple incident of devotion shows the two traits strong in the Japanese nature—tenderness toward helpless life and consideration for old age.



AMERICAN ELK OR WAPITI



## Birds in San Remo

ISABEL VALLÉ

THE woofullest of prisoned things  
Is a prisoner with wings!  
Let a cage be wide it crowds  
Intimates of peaks and clouds;  
Yet an eagle's penned here . . . Group  
Follows group about his coop,  
Eyes and bars a double ring  
Hemming in this broken king,  
While the far horizon's rim  
Is a third—the worst to him!

Here there is no cage too small  
For a bird; in every wall,  
Every window-sill are nails  
Holding little battered jails;  
If by chance a bird is seen  
In the trees' eternal green,  
It is like a hunted thing  
Hiding there, it dares not sing!

Gardens are as silent places  
As the cypress-guarded spaces  
Where none wake to count the hours;  
Have a caution all you flowers  
Yearning, petal-winged, to fly!  
It is better far to die,  
Fading in a dusty dish;  
Yearn enough you'll have your wish—  
So the law—but what are wings  
Saving ache to captive things?

It were well to be like stars,  
Only out at night when bars  
Cast no shadow; not behold  
Birds the sun stripes black and gold,  
Tragic birds of Italy;  
Well for stars they do not see  
Blinded birds here, flying things  
With no room to lift their wings!

I would shout this to all lands,  
Make a trumpet of my hands,—  
Listen! There's one cage for birds,  
One, like this,—a cage of words!

All of us wince rather visibly at the mere thought of pain for ourselves. I sometimes wonder why so many persons who shudder at the idea of a visit to the dentist, are so unwilling to concede that other creatures (also possessed of nervous systems) have a similar capacity for suffering. And I wonder, too, why so many refuse to see that humane education benefits human character in the development of insight, compassion and an all-inclusive Christ-like love.

ETHEL FAIRMONT

## Wasting and Wanting

GEORGE WILTON FIELD

A STUDY of conservation provides much to prove that our democratic form of government is still on trial.

But, after all, have we not made much progress since Roosevelt's clarion call for conservation of natural resources awoke the nation from its orgy of 200 years of transforming into cash, or rather personal property, well-nigh every accessible and portable natural asset, public land frauds, timber thieving, water power grabbing, wanton wastage of the vast herds of bison, elk, antelope? The birds of the air, the passenger pigeon, prairie chickens, upland and golden plover, were piled up in the newly devised cold storage, unwisely converted from a biological to a commercial asset in warehouses of the Middle West. In 1889, there is reliable information that a "supply sufficient to meet the market demand for eight years" had been killed and rushed into storage for speculative purposes, in conformance with the theory and practice of "getting while the getting is good." Some money was made for individuals, but the world has been poorer ever since. What was thus lost can never be regained. This infraction of divine laws, by the destructive spoliation of natural resources, and the conversion of these into wealth of a less productive type has been checked in some of its more obvious phases. A promising start has been made in developing an economic method of permanently handling public and private forests, and farming and grazing lands. Each year views progress in preserving for public benefit and use the notable beauty spots between the Olympic Peninsula and Mt. Desert, Mt. McKinley and Key West; a tardy start has been made for making a continuing life possible for the remnants of our migratory birds (cranes, swans, geese, ducks and the wading birds) through international treaty, improved local biologic conditions and systematized control of human activities.

That similar progress in the conservation of water resources, of our rivers, lakes and sea coasts, has not been made, is primarily due to the fact that the biologic study of aquatic conditions and its relation to terrestrial life is not so obviously direct and has not been so long studied. In the first place, it is not so accessible for observation. But here peculiarly the human mind is inclined to play us false. When we see the darting, pushing mass of alewives crowding up our streams in the spring we think of the ocean as "filled with

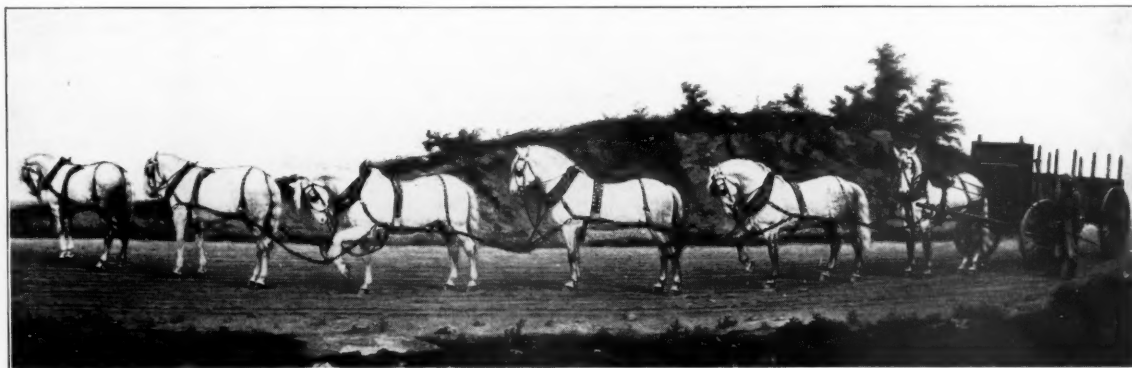
fishes." So, too, of salmon. In its pristine abundance the volume of salmon in the river at times actually exceeds the volume of the water. So, too, of several other species of food and bait fishes. We are still inclined to conceive of the great oceans as similarly crowded with fishes, in infinite variety.

The contrary is the fact. The greater quantity of useful sea-food is found only in the more shallow areas, on the borders of the continents. These relatively limited "under water prairies" from Long Island to Newfoundland, with a few smaller estuaries along the coast, in their fundamental geologic and biologic characteristics comparable to the bottom lands and prairies of the middle western states, are the major source of sea-food supply for the whole of eastern North America. Such areas are of exceeding importance to the human race, because this limited area of coastal waters is the chief biological laboratory where Nature manufactures her sea-food, which cannot yet be artificially produced. Statute laws wisely require that human efforts and methods for making and distributing food shall conform to specified sanitary precautions in order to safeguard the health of individuals, and thus of the public.

But when the question arises, should we not extend similar and needed provisions to nature's food factories and her means of distribution, the legislative leader says "No," it will interfere with business, and we must take our choice between business, a large population, and sea-food.

New England has made a notable success in conserving its supply of potable waters. But it would be a serious lapse not to meet promptly every wise effort to supplement hygiene of the individual, with the type of hygiene which conserves for human well-being through conservation of the natural transformation of organic and inorganic elements into sources of healthful food and recreation for mankind in nature's aquatic food factory.

That oils, sewage and other refuse should be dumped into public waters, is not only a biologic blunder, but it attests a lack of public responsibility. The conservation of divine laws is more essential than conservation of business, for no business, not even the business of living, can continue in the abrogation of the laws of human and personal responsibility which conserve cosmic hygiene.



Courtesy of F. Knight & Son Corp., Forwarders and Contractors, Boston, Mass., and the Standard Horse Shoe Co., Boston

THIS TEAM WAS OWNED AND USED BY A LARGE NEW ENGLAND TEXTILE MILL. PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1866

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

APRIL, 1929

### FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

### Carlyle and the Beaten Horse

IN E. V. Lucas' very interesting book, "The Colvins and Their Friends," it is said that, the conversation turning once upon Froude's statements about Carlyle that he was hard and unfeeling in many ways, once having ill-treated a horse, Robert Browning, who was present, immediately denied the assertion and, speaking from his personal knowledge, said he was the most sensitively tender-hearted of men. Browning related that once walking arm in arm with Carlyle in Chelsea a butcher's boy drove past them unmercifully flogging his horse. "I could feel," says Browning, "Carlyle shake from head to foot in a spasm of righteous indignation." One can imagine the reprimand the boy would have got had this great Scot had a chance at him. Carlyle didn't wear his heart upon his sleeve. Hard as he seemed sometimes in his criticisms of his fellows, as, for example, his unjust estimate of dear Charles Lamb, those who knew him best knew that heart and head were both great. It is not easy to forgive him for his unjust judgment of Lamb, but had he known the gentle Elia as he was, his stinging arrow would never have left its quiver.

### A Rare Nomad

Nomad of the *Boston Transcript*, always a friend of the under dog, whether quadruped or biped, writes—we wish we had room for all he wrote:

The human race, if it is also a humane race, ought to have outgrown by this time the practice of grabbing helpless animals with horrible steel jaws and holding them in agony for many hours, until they die miserably. The steel trap is worse than the rack or the wheel with which the good old past tore our suffering ancestors limb from limb, for the suffering lasts longer.

Our people for the most part have progressed beyond the point of cruelly beating their horses or their oxen. Even in remote country districts the magistrates punish cruelty to domestic animals. But the raccoon and the muskrat must still agonize in steel traps. The creature's sufferings are the last thing that the farm boy trapper or the professional seeker of skins thinks about. Up to a little while ago man was the cruellest of created beings. He is getting a better thought now, in most matters, and the sooner he realizes the horrors that the steel traps have brought the better it will be for the human soul.

### The Jew in History

WHY are we writing in this magazine that which follows this paragraph? Because this magazine is the organ of the American Humane Education Society as well as the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and in our effort to inculcate the principles of humane education we have sought since the Society was founded to show the more than five million children we have reached, and our readers everywhere, the injustice and inhumaneness of cruelty in all its multitudinous forms. What can be more cruel than the injustice of race prejudice, what leads oftener to all unbrotherliness between the children of a common Father than this evil thing?

We trust no Jew who may happen to read what we are now writing will think for a moment that we are presuming to pay his race a compliment. The people of Israel need no tribute from Anglo-Saxon, nor from any other, whatever his breed or birth. The sad fact is that the great mass of men of every land and clime know practically nothing of the history of the Jewish people, nor of their contribution to the civilization of the world. Greater to them is our debt than to Greece, with all she bequeathed to us, or to Rome, with her legacy of ordered government and law. We are not thinking now of individuals. No people is to be judged by its isolated units, although that is what so many of us are constantly guilty of doing. But what have the Jews as a race stood for through the long centuries before the Christian era and since? We answer from at least a fair knowledge of that history, but we answer in the words of another—words we know their history confirms: "A people of slaves—the slaves of righteousness, of the ultimate humanities, of the moral energy whose name is love." A people "with an almost instinctive knowledge that force is evil, that war is sin, that passive martyrdom is triumph, that victory is defeat, and success failure, that defenselessness is the strongest shield and mighty battalions but so many broken reeds. In a world of force the Jew is still afraid and still commits the unforgivable sin of using force and denying peace." "But," says another, "he knows it is a sin."

### The S. P. C. A. in Bulgaria

In the *Bulgarian British Review*, a rather imposing magazine, an entire page is given to the work of the S. P. C. A. organized five years ago in that country. It interests us very much because we have not only given to the work there counsel, suggestions, literature, but also money. The Bulgarian Society, it would seem from the account given in the *Review*, has won an enviable place in the esteem of the people. The report says, "The Society has the support of all the government organs and public institutions. All recognize that its object is to educate the public mind, to awaken and stimulate humane feeling for all God's creatures. To this end the directors of all schools have received instruction to admit the Society's lecturers to interest the boys and girls in its work." It is said the Society enjoys the support of the police authorities, who have issued several excellent rules for the protection of animals. Whips and goads are forbidden, the size of loads must be regulated according to the condition of the road and of the horses or oxen, and proper feeding and care are required under severe penalties. Lost and homeless small animals are received or collected and humanely disposed of where no owner can be found.

### Splendid Work in the Philippines

WE cannot speak too highly of the fine work being done in the Philippines, especially that having Cebu for its center. A young man, Mr. Atanasio Montyre, under the direction of Mrs. Edmonds and with her co-operation, seems to have had extraordinary success in organizing thousands of young people into Bands of Mercy until the number now is nearly 7,000. Best of all, as general secretary, Mr. Montyre is keeping these Bands intact, continually deepening the interest and adding to them. The photographs sent us are of young men who in personal appearance, dress, and intelligence are the equal in every respect of any similar groups that might be taken from an American high school. Back of this far-reaching work our American Humane Education Society has stood for years with its literature, advice, and occasional financial aid. Mrs. Edmonds and those associated with her have been rendering a service to the Filipinos that is no small factor in their education and progress. Notice the letterhead of the Society:

MRS. CLAIR WISLIENUS, President  
MRS. WILLIAM EDMONDS, Secretary  
MRS. CARMEN R. SOTTO, Vice-President  
MRS. GEORGINA BALDOCK, Treasurer

Philippine Society for the  
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
Philippine Islands  
Cebu, Cebu

### HEADQUARTERS

Office of Dr. Arlington Pond  
Manalili. Tel. 323

### HOSPITAL

Calle Carlock Surgeon, CHARLES DRY  
Telephone 137

### Lord Lambourne

Few among the humanitarians of England were better known than the late Lord Lambourne. We remember him well when, at the banquet held at the hundredth anniversary of the Royal S. P. C. A., he responded to the toast "The President" (The Prince of Wales), and introduced to the four hundred guests the speaker who brought the message from America. Stephen Coleridge pays him a remarkable tribute from which we quote but a sentence or two: "A greater gentleman with a kinder heart never breathed. Through a long life he never made an enemy. Gracious, benign, generous, lovable, a credit to his order, an honor to his race, he went about always doing good." He died at the age of 81.

### Where the Loss Was Gain

A gentleman in Springfield, Mass., lost a diamond ring the other day. He advertised his loss. The ring was found. To the finder the loser said, "How about a reward?" "No," was the reply, "I don't want any, but if you will send a check for any amount you please to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. I shall feel greatly rewarded." A check came to us for ten dollars. While we can't wish that losing diamond rings should develop into a habit, should the outcome be as related above we could hardly complain.

Humane Day in Schools, April 19, or, April 12 where schools are closed the following week, should be observed in every school in the entire country.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1865

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*  
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*  
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*  
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

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#### Prosecuting Officers in Boston

Telephone (Complaints, Ambulances) Regent 6100

L. WILLARD WALKER, *Chief Officer*

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Herman N. Dean*  
HARVEY R. FULLER, *Fred T. Vickers*  
WALTER B. POPE, *Harold G. Andrews*  
DAVID A. BOLTON, *Howard Willard*

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CHARLES F. CLARK, *Lynde*, *Eastern Essex*  
WILLIAM ENOS, *Methuen*, *Western Essex*  
THEODORE W. PEARSON, *Springfield*  
Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin  
ROBERT L. DYSON, *Worcester*  
Bristol  
WILLIAM H. LYNG, *New Bedford*, *Barnstable*  
WINFIELD E. DUNHAM, *Attleboro*, *and Dukes*  
and Berkshire  
EDWIN D. MOODY, *Pittsfield*

Rest Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter,  
Methuen

W. W. HASWELL, *Superintendent*

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A.,  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASH-  
BURN LEVINESTEIN, *Pres.*; MRS. WM. McDONALD,  
First Vice-Pres.; MRS. E. L. KLAHRE, *Second Vice-*  
Pres.; MRS. A. J. FURRUSH, *Treas.*; MISS HELEN W.  
POTTER, *Rec. Sec.*; MISS A. P. EATON, *Cor. Sec.*;  
MRS. A. P. FISHER, *Chair. Work Committee.*

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers.	9,376
Cases investigated	658
Animals examined	4,945
Number of prosecutions	10
Number of convictions	10
Horses taken from work	70
Horses humanely put to sleep	62
Small animals humanely put to sleep	936
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	53,995
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	93

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Harry W. Chase of Boston, Ann Mary Jelly of Brookline, Sarah L. Ross of Fall River, Harriet M. Stetson of Salem, Lucy F. Sawyer of Worcester, and Clara Bennett of Fairhaven.

March 12, 1929.

Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 15 to 20; Humane Sunday, April 14.

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

#### Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, *V.M.D., Chief*  
R. H. SCHNEIDER, *V.M.D., Ass't Chief*  
E. F. SCHROEDER, *D.V.M.*  
W. M. EVANS, *D.V.S.*  
G. B. SCHNELLE, *V.M.D.*

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

#### Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday from 11 to 1.

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	586	Cases	1,561
Dogs	416	Dogs	1,236
Cats	157	Cats	305
Horses	12	Birds	15
Bird	1	Horses	3
		Squirrel	1
Operations	497	Rabbit	1
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1 '15		78,753	
Dispensary Cases		149,598	
Total		228,351	

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Convictions in February

For subjecting two horses to unnecessary cruelty and authorizing same to be worked after having been condemned, \$20 fine, appealed; in Superior Court fine was raised to \$50.

Non-sheltering horse, convicted, case filed.

Failing to provide proper food, shelter and protection from weather, \$25 fine.

Cruelly shooting a dog, \$30 fine.

Slaughtering with no inspector present, defendant paid \$10 as costs.

Cruelly beating horse, \$25 fine.

Non-sheltering horse, convicted, case filed.

Causing horse to stand in snow five hours without blanket, \$15 fine.

Failing to provide proper food for two horses, seven cows and two dogs, \$25 fine.

Cruelly shooting cat, \$10 fine.

Cruelly transporting two cows, \$25 fine.

Slaughtering with no inspector present, defendant paid \$3 as costs.

Failing to provide proper food, shelter and protection from weather for one hog and two goats, convicted; continued from day to day for sentence.

#### To All Lovers of Dogs

##### A Prize of \$250

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, through the generosity of friends of the dog, is announcing a prize of \$250 for the best answer to the question, "How humanely, and at the same time effectively, can a dog be trained to guard himself from injury by the automobile?" Two dogs a day, on an average, maimed or fatally injured by automobiles, are brought to the Society's Angell Memorial Animal Hospital alone.

This prize offer is open to all contestants throughout the United States and Canada. The answers must be limited to 1,500 words. They will be submitted to a committee of experts to be chosen by three well-known and competent breeders of dogs, with the understanding that if none of the answers are deemed of sufficient value to merit the awarding of the prize it may be withheld. All answers to be mailed to the office of *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., by July 1, 1929.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

#### The Two Pictures

THE short December day has drawn to a close. There has been warm work in the covers. A thousand head of game—pheasants, hares and rabbits—have been brought to bag. In fact, we have had, not indeed a tremendous battue, as these things are reckoned nowadays, but simply 'a jolly day's cover-shooting.' But now darkness—thick, gloomy, winter darkness—has settled down like a pall upon the woods. There is some snow upon the ground, and with the night has come a sharper frost and a bitter piercing wind. But what is that to us as we gather together in the warm dining-room, where the lamps are so bright, where the logs burn so keenly, and where thick curtains ward off the draughts of that nipping, eager air, and deaden the sound of the gusts moaning fitfully without? How delightful a festive dinner like this after our day of woodland sport! And yet, as I have raised the first glass of champagne to my lips, a thought has sometimes come to me which has gone nigh to spoil my pleasure. It is the thought of that cover where the fun was so fast and furious, and which literally seemed to swarm with game. I picture it as it is now under the darkness of night. There, within sight of the bright lights around which we are so joyously gathered, there are scores—hundreds may be—of miserable creatures with mangled limbs and bleeding wounds; some with hind-legs broken, dragging themselves piteously over the frosty ground; some writhing in agony which death comes all too slowly to relieve. Ah, if that wounded hare could speak, as she looks at the line of light streaming from our dining-room windows, what a curse might she not breathe against the cruel savages within! What a contrast! Here, light, warmth and pleasure; there, darkness, cold, and pain unspeakable! Are not these considerations which should give us pause?"

From "Sport." A paper by the late Sir George Greenwood read before the Animal Protection Congress held in London.

#### Mrs. Julia A. H. Colby

Early in the year Mrs. Julia A. H. Colby of Springfield, Mo., passed to her reward at an advanced age. She was known for her great influence as a teacher in forming the characters of many prominent citizens of her community and for her activities in the W. C. T. U. and in humane work. As long as she was able to see, she was a subscriber to *Our Dumb Animals*. She interested many to take up the cause of animal protection.

At her funeral, which was largely attended, brief tributes to her memory were given, one by Mrs. Nelle G. Burger, president of the Missouri W. C. T. U., who said in part: "For many years Mrs. Colby was the assistant director of humane education for the Missouri W. C. T. U. Failing health prevented her doing much active work, but she was mentally alert. With the approach of April each year she longed for the mayor's proclamation for 'Be Kind to Animals Week.' She joyously helped to plan programs for the schools. She believed that kindness to animals and birds was an indispensable attribute to a well-rounded character. She was anxious by this means to forestall much of cruelty and crime in our land."

The Animal Welfare Association will hold a mass meeting in Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, Sunday, April 14, at 3.15 P. M. See notice on page 64.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

**Officers of the American Humane Education Society**  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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**Humane Press Bureau**

Mrs. May L. Hall, *Secretary*

**Foreign Corresponding Representatives**

George B. Duff, ..... Australia  
Nicasio Zulaica C., ..... Chile  
Mrs. Jeannette Ryder, ..... Cuba  
Anthony Schmidt, ..... Czecho-Slovakia  
Luis Pareja Cornejo, ..... Ecuador  
William B. Allison, ..... Guatemala  
Leonard T. Hawksley, ..... Italy  
Mrs. Mary P. E. Nitobé, ..... Japan  
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton, ..... Madeira  
J. A. Forbes, ..... New Zealand  
Luther Parker, ..... Philippine Islands  
Joaquin Juliá, ..... Spain  
Rida Himadi, ..... Lebanon and Syria  
Mrs. Alice W. Manning, ..... Turkey

**Field Workers of the Society**

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee  
Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia  
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas  
Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia  
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark. Virginia  
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina  
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

**Field Representative**

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

**Humane Workers' Trust Fund**

The American Humane Education Society is collecting a trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have worn out their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for this fund.

You can tell a civilized country—it's one where people kill the birds and then spend millions to fight insects.

—Washington Post

If your foot slips, you may recover your balance, but if your tongue slips, you cannot recall your words.

—The Associated Magazine

**Dreams that Come True**

W. F. H. WENTZEL

WE often hear our humanitarian friends give very discouraging expressions relative to public indifference and human depravity as pertains to the growth of the humane ideas.

Schools and teachers neglect their opportunities to develop the heart of the child, and at times they participate in spreading the spirit of hatred and inhumanity. The individual incidents of this nature attract our attention, and reporters scoop the story and call it news, while the many unassuming acts of kindness and lessons in the finer appreciation of the rights of others, including a care and interest in our voiceless friends, receive no space in publications for public enlightenment. The schools in various parts of the country are organizing material and teaching systematically and in places, intensively, the very thing humanitarians hoped and prayed for all these years. Like the late Russell Conwell's story of "Acres of Diamonds," we are really finding them in our own back yards.

Many of our churches are preaching and teaching kindness. If you doubt this claim make a survey of lesson material used for the children in our Sunday Schools. You will be surprised at the large place given to study of animals as an avenue to awaken in the heart of the child those finer impulses on which true religion thrives. Dr. Claudy, who heads the department in the Presbyterian Church, responsible for the promotion of Humane Education, tells us that he is making one of the main avenues of approach for widespread teaching of lessons in humanity, by getting the writers of Sabbath School lessons to incorporate more intensively and extensively, these lessons in human kindness and appreciation of the voiceless friends God has placed under our protecting care.

During three successive years, Dr. Parkes Cadman, as president of the National Council of Churches, has given his remarkable series of radio sermons on this subject. Very few other themes have been so favored.

Parent-Teacher Organizations over the country are co-ordinating the influence of the home, that the effort of the teacher may be reinforced by a conscious interest on the part of the parent. Boy and Girl Scouts are making their very definite contribution. We also find, in the East, West, North and South, large groups of children organized in clubs for practical humane service. The pioneer work of the beloved George Thorndike Angell was seed well sown. The harvest of human betterment ever increasing from year to year is a fitting tribute to his remarkable vision, and the good it is doing cannot be expressed in figures or words on the printed page.

Twenty-five of our States, including three-fourths of the population of the country, make definite provision for teaching humaneness to all the youth, and every worthwhile teacher in the country is, in some manner, doing her bit to keep alive in the child that spark of human greatness called SYMPATHY. In some southern states I note state superintendents who insist on making effective the program for the teaching of humaneness in their schools. At the last National Humane Convention, the subject of Humane Education, as the real preventive measure against cruelty, received attention and discussion second to no other topic on the program. Ten years ago this phase of the work was much of a side issue. Today, no Humane Society

is expected to hold a high rating which does not contribute toward spreading education and co-operating in making a more effective program for the instruction of youth in the principles of kindness.

These are some of the dreams that have come true, and the next generation will reap the harvest of a regenerated human appreciation.

**Use of Humane Lesson Cards**

ONE hundred and twenty-eight sets of the new illustrated Humane Education Lesson cards, published by the American Humane Education Society, Boston, were recently sent to schools of both the city and county of Riverside, California, where their use had been authorized by Superintendent Ira C. Landis and E. E. Smith.

In a letter sent to the school principals, the Riverside County Humane Society said of the cards: "They will doubtless be best adapted to pupils from seven or eight to twelve or thirteen years of age, and it is believed that they will appeal strongly to such. They can be used as a basis for little talks by the teachers, or as exercises in reading, or as topics for compositions. They will surely teach boys and girls many lessons about the protection and care of animals, helping them to understand and appreciate the dumb creatures that make up so large a part of the world in which we live.

"These cards have been recently produced at much expense and are now being widely introduced into the public schools of the country, in the belief that the education of the young in the principle and spirit of consideration and kindness toward man and beast will go far toward building a world in which strife and war will pass away, even as slavery and many other evils have already passed."

The cards are published in a set of eight, each beautifully illustrated and printed, size 9½ x 12 inches, at 35 cents for the complete set, postpaid to any address.

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be replaced on application.

**The Hymn of Hate**

AND this I hate—not men, nor flag, nor race,  
But only War with its wild, grinning face.  
God strike it till its eyes be blind as night  
And all its members tremble with affright!  
Oh, let it hear in its death agony  
The wail of mothers for their best-loved ones,  
And on its head

Descend the renowned curses of its sons  
Who followed her, deluded, where its guns  
Had dyed the daisies red.

All these I hate—war and its panoply,  
The lie that hides its ghastly mockery,  
That makes its glories out of women's tears,  
The toil of peasants through the burdened years,  
The legacy of long disease that preys  
On bone and body in the after-days.

God's curses pour,  
Until it shrivel with its votaries  
And die away in its own fiery seas,  
That nevermore

Its dreadful call of murder may be heard;  
A thing accursed in very deed and word  
From blood-drenched shore to shore!

JOSEPH DANA MILLER

### Convention at St. Louis

THE fifty-third annual humane convention of the American Humane Association will be held at St. Louis, Mo., from September 30 to October 3, 1929. This will be the third convention in St. Louis, the first having been held in 1884 and the second in 1904. More progress has been made by the Humane Society at St. Louis in the last three or four years than in all its previous history. This is due to a devoted band of enthusiasts and to Mr. Robert Sellar, executive secretary, who has built an institution for St. Louis and a name for himself.

### Good Work in Jersey City

The annual report of the Hudson County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Jersey City, N. J., indicates that the past year was a busy one. It handled a total of 27,607 animals. Of these, 15,401 were humanely destroyed to save them from worse fate. The society received and investigated 11,000 complaints or requests for assistance, the ambulance making 7,000 calls for sick or unwanted animals. Dozens of offenses against the humane code were investigated and cruelly treated animals relieved. Homes were provided for nearly 1,000 dogs, and scores of lost animals recovered and returned to owners. The Society took under observation more than 300 biting dogs to determine whether it was safe to keep them as pets.

### Mr. Hoover and Animal Pets

Herbert Hoover does not have many pets of his own, but he fully understands how much they mean to others.

While the Mississippi flood was at its height, and his whole attention was riveted on the task of assisting thousands of refugees, a soldier came into his temporary office.

"What are we gonna do with these dogs, Mr. Secretary?" he asked.

"What dogs do you mean?" asked Hoover. "Why, a lot of these refugees have brought dogs with them, and some have cats, too," replied the soldier.

"We'll take care of them, and good care," Hoover announced. "Those people haven't saved much. If any of them have pets—dogs, cats or elephants—let them keep them and take care of them. Have some of the refugees build corrals with runways for the dogs."

"A few of them have canaries"—the soldier began.

"All right," said Uncle Sam's emergency man, and turning to his secretary, "Order some bird seed and if it is not on the regulation list, charge it to me." —Northfield, Vt., News

An airplane was used in Oregon during the past winter to save the birds from starvation. Over a wide area it sprayed grain for the pheasants, quail, songbirds and sparrows whose sustenance was cut off by the deep snows.

## Our Ancestral Animals

### II. Their Kind

LOUISE HUBERT GUYOL

I SHALL a litle retorne backe and beginne," not with talking of the foundation of their "govermente," as Bradford does in what he calls The .2. Booke of his history of Plimmoth Plantation, but in describing somewhat the animals who were in America before the Pilgrims came.

When William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Tilley followed Captain Standish, from the Mayflower to the shore, on the 15th day of November, 1620, they "espied .5. or .6. persons with a dogg coming towards them."

Earlier than this, however, in 1603, Martin Pring, entering "that greate Gulfe which Captain Gosnold ouer-shot the yeere before" found "Stags, fallow Deere in abundance, Beares, Wollues, Foxes, Lusernes, and (some say) Tygres, Porcupines, and Dogges with sharpe and long noses."

Pring was accompanied by his own dogs, "two excellent Mastiues, of whom the Indians were more afraid, then of twentie of our men. One of these Mastiues would carrie a halfe Pike in his mouth. And one Master Thomas Bridges, a Gentleman of our company accompanied only with one of these Dogs, and passed sixe miles alone in the Country hauing lost his fellowes, and returned safely. And when we would be rid of the Sauage's company wee would let loose the Mastiues, and suddenly with out-cryes they would flee away."

One of Purchas' Pilgrims reported that, in 1609, At the Island of Cape Cod, on the one and twentieth there was "a sore storme of winde and rayne all night . . . This night our Cat ranne crying from one side of the ship to the other, looking over boord, which made us to wonder but we saw nothing."

Doubtless the Cat was excited over the Mulletts "of a foot and a halfe long a peece," and "the Raye as greate as foure men could hale into the ship," which the voyagers caught next morning.

Be that as it may, the Pilgrims knew the comfort of domestic animals and the value of dairy ones. When the Colonists were assessed, in 1627, each for his share of the debt due the London Company, "first accordingly, the few cattel which they had were devided, which arose to this proportion; a cowe to .6. persons or shares, and .2. to goats the same, which were first equalised for age and goodnes, and then lotted for: single persons consorting with others, as they thought good, and smaler famlys likewise; and swine though more in number, yet by the same rule."

By the next year these animals were playing an important part in the economic life of the plantation. And, if one wanted to own a cow, in toto, he had to pay its assessed value in other animals of lesser value, in corn, or in chosen commodity.

Myles Standish wanted a whole red cow,

descendant of that heiffer sent by Sherley and still the property of the poor of the Company, or rather the principal from which the poor drew interest. Whereupon he bought from Edward Winslow six shares, valued at 5£ and 10s., to be paid for "in Corne at the rate of six shillings per bushell, freeing the said Edward from all manner of charg belonging to the said shares during the terme of the nine yeares they are let out to halues and taking the benefit thereof."

For the same guarantee and two Ewe lambs Standish purchased two more shares in the same red cow from Abraham Peirce.

The other five shares were held by Resolved and Peregrine White, whose widowed mother Winslow had married. Winslow controlled these shares which he must have sold for account of his step-children for we read, that "by these purchases Standish obtained full control of the thirteen shares she [the red cow] represented."

She was valued at 11£ 18s. 4d.

This was in 1628, the same year in which the first sale of land is recorded—one acre for "fower pounds sterling," and two years to pay—less than half of the value of the one red cow.

The next year William Bradford made this entry in his diary to the effect that it was to the admiration of many and almost wonder of the world that from so small beginnings so great things should ensue . . . but it was the Lord's doings, therefore, should be "marvellous in our eyes."

Of these small beginnings there were always, of course, the cattle, important in the eyes of their Maker from the time the Commandments were handed down to Moses on the Mount. So, we find that the associates of "Mr. John Indecott" considered "twelve Kine and Bulls more," among the necessities for the establishing of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and, "conferring casually with some Gentlemen of London moved them to adde unto them as many more." So:

"In the yeare 1629, about March, six good ships are gone with 350. men, women, and children, people possessing themselves of good ranke, zeale, meanes and quality: also 150. head of cattell, as horse, mares, and neat beasts; 41 goats, some conies. . . . They arrived for the most part exceeding well, their cattell and all things else prospering exceedingly, farre beyond their expectation."

Thus Captain John Smith in his Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters, but of this voyage, or one made during the same year, we read in The Planters Plea, that of the "conuenient proportion of rother Beasts, to the number of sixty or seventy or there about and some Mares and Horses. . . . the Kine came safe for the most part: but the greater part of the Horses dyed, so that there remained not above twelue or fourteen alive."

Notwithstanding this tragedy, at the beginning of 1630—year so epochal to Pilgrim and Puritan, his heirs and assigns forever—there were goats and cattle, sheep and swine enough to start the growth of the animals' family trees, which from so small beginnings so great things were to ensue.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The third installment of this series, "Their Division," will appear in the next (May) issue of *Our Dumb Animals*.



THE GOOSE-STEP



## The Perils of Migratory Birds

ELEAZER DAVIES

THE passing of a bill by the American Government for the protection of migratory birds, under which eight million dollars is to be spent during the next ten years, is indeed welcome news to every bird lover, on account of its sentimental and practical value.

Few people realize the grave perils to which migratory birds expose themselves during their flights from summer to winter quarters or vice versa. At no other period of their existence do they run greater risks. If caught by wind or thunder storm, while crossing the sea, whole flights may be driven off their course, beaten down and drowned.

It is one of the wonders of nature, how tiny birds are able to stand the strain of migration. Small birds, like the tiny gold-crest, weighing barely half an ounce, manage to cross at one flight the whole breadth of the North Sea, which is 350 miles across. It is evident, therefore, if the weather conditions are not perfect, that such tiny wing-power takes grave risk. Mother nature is no respecter of persons, and is not one scrap more lenient toward bird flyers than human flyers. Both cast a main with fate.

Birdland has its murderers like all other lands. Migratory birds have to contend with enemies in their own household. Birds of prey destroy immense numbers of them, when they are tired by long flights.

Gulls are savage enemies to migrant birds. That fact is not generally known though natural. The gull is a maritime bird and instinctively protects its domain. When migrants are hindered by winds, they are pursued and attacked by seagulls, who strike them down, then devour them at leisure.

Migratory birds have their precautionary measures. Those which cannot outfly their enemies by day outwit them by flying at night. Blackbirds, larks and many other birds migrate at night. And, if conditions are favorable, usually complete their whole flight before dawn.

The greatest perils of the migrant birds come from civilized man, who often takes unfair advantage of them. In many countries a remunerative business is made of trapping or shooting them, when they arrive worn out by their long journey.

In addition to this, aviation with its airplane beacons has added another source of peril. The installation of air beacons like that of the Hotel Beacon, Broadway, New York City, with its twelve hundred millions candle-power, and that of Mont Afrique in Central France, with its one thousand millions candle-power, is welcomed gladly by airmen, yet is looked upon with horror by bird lovers. These beacons and others which will be installed will make aviation safer but are bound to work havoc among the great flights of migrant birds. The Mont Afrique beacon stands in the very path of the flights that cross France in the spring and again in the autumn.

It is a proved fact that the death-roll from this cause is very serious. In a book on the migration of birds in Ireland, by Mr. R. M. Barrington, there is a note inserted by the keepers of the Copeland lighthouse, relating to the spring migration of birds. "The air," states the report, "was filled with birds. The balcony outside the light was completely covered with dead birds. They were five and six deep all round, so that one walked upon a eathery carpet of dead bodies."

With the increased protection for airmen there comes to migratory birds increased

danger. The birds are attracted to the air beacon as the moth to the flame to perish. As one type of flyer increases another decreases. Must it be so; is there no way of protecting both?

## Great Progress in Constantinople

THE following report of the Constantinople Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for 1928 comes to us from our foreign corresponding representative, Mrs. Alice W. Manning:

The past year has been a busy and successful one for the Society. Several important measures have been taken by his Excellence the Minister of Agriculture, which we hope will improve the conditions of animals in Turkey.

Demonstrations of the humane slaughtering pistol were given in Stamboul by Santour Bey, our veterinary surgeon, before a committee of government veterinaries and officials. Afterwards the pistol was sent to Angora and demonstrations were given there which resulted in an order by the Minister of Agriculture that the Cash Captive Bolt pistol should be used in every abattoir under government control. An appropriation was made by Parliament for the purchase of the pistols and we hope they will go into general use in June.

A slaughter-house for horses has been opened in Stamboul for the city and vicinity, and the Society has donated a humane pistol for use there. We believe this will make it easier to take old and decrepit horses from work, and humanely destroy them, as the owners will receive some compensation for them.

It has been the custom in the Islands in the Marmora, where many donkeys are used by the summer visitors, to abandon the animals during the winter on a neighboring island where there is neither food nor water nor shelter. If they survive they are taken back to work in the spring.

During a great snowstorm this winter the police notified our inspector that nine donkeys were abandoned on the island of Oxia.

Our inspector went with two agents of the police who generously supplied a motor barge, and rescued the donkeys. It was necessary to stand knee deep in the stormy winter sea in order to load the donkeys on the barge. The donkeys were returned to their owners who were forced to pay for their food and shelter and also a fine. The police were presented with the medal of the Society for energy in the humane cause.

New and comfortable cages have been

donated for the dogs in the Anti-Rabique Institute, and each one was provided with a bed and drinking cup. The Society called the attention of the Minister of Public Health to the miserable condition of the dogs there and they have been improved.

Pamphlets from the Departments of Agriculture in the United States, England, and Switzerland were sent to the Minister of Agriculture at Angora and after studying the question, he gave a general order to every Villayet in Turkey that the destruction of birds, especially at the season of migration, must be stopped. The Society immediately sent out over 5,000 letters to the schools throughout Turkey, telling them of this order, and of the usefulness of birds to agriculture, and begging the teachers to instruct their pupils in regard to the value of birds, and to teach them kindness to all animals. Many cordial responses have been received.

In the schools of Constantinople 14 illustrated lectures have been given. Turkish, French, German, English and American schools, and the School of Police, were visited.

Prizes for the best essays on the work of humane societies were offered in ten schools. These schools were in Turkey, in Albania, in Greece and in Bulgaria. The Society could do very much more of this educational work if more funds were available for this purpose. It is a most important part of the work here in the Orient as it is everywhere.

The film, "The Bell of Atri," has been given in three schools.

The Minister of Agriculture has asked for 700 copies of the Constitution and Rules of the Society for distribution to all the government veterinaries stationed in different parts of Turkey, with the object of forming similar societies. The Government is cordial and the Society is now recognized as an organization of public benefit and utility.

During the past year 208 animals have been treated free in the Hospital and 862 stray dogs which were brought by the city authorities were destroyed humanely by means of gas in our lethal chamber.

Seventy-nine dogs have been placed in new homes. The Society keeps watch of these dogs and they are visited from time to time to see that they are well cared for. The number of horses treated was 115, and the number of old and lame horses taken from work and humanely destroyed was 14. The number of cats destroyed was 1,144, but most of these were very small kittens which were rescued from the street or were brought

by their owners to be put to sleep when newly born. The number of prosecutions during the year was 69.

The Society does not collect or receive the money for fines, nor does it receive any financial aid from the city. There are no overhead expenses in connection with the Society, so that all donations and memberships go directly for the practical work for animals.

We beg all animal lovers, wherever they are, to help us carry on this good work which is now so well started here.



THE CHICKADEE'S BREAKFAST-NOOK

## Sandpipers

LESLIE CLARE MANCHESTER

O LITTLE pipers of the sandy shore,  
Why do you love the waves that ceaseless beat?  
It is, perchance, a sound the waters make;  
A lullaby crooned to you o'er and o'er!  
You trail your little caravan before  
The stormy tides whose spear-points shake  
In rushing wrath! You go your way; you take  
Your quiet course although the surges roar!

You know a sunny cove where bluets are  
And sedges blowing in the winds of May;  
A haven where you hear the breakers beat!  
And there you brood beneath the ocean-star;  
You bide unmindful of the mournful way  
The tides are calling for your truant feet!

## The Badger's House

L. E. EUBANKS

The badger may not be the fastest digger among animals, but his methods are perhaps the most scientific. The long, curved claws of his front feet throw the dirt back in a constant stream, while the hind feet are used to push it still farther. When the tunnel begins to get too full of loose dirt the badger backs out and forces the dirt ahead of him.

His house, usually far down under the ground in the shady woods, is large and admirably arranged. There are many rooms and each has its purpose. This animal is not only particular in the choice of its food, but careful in the storage. His inclination is to classify the "eats," putting them in separate rooms, and often several of these pantries are found in a badger house.

The nursery, too, is a work of art. It is always the most carefully excavated and safest room in the establishment, and its floors and walls are padded with soft leaves and mosses, so that the baby badgers will have a nice warm place to sleep, grow and play. The badger loves his home and family, and is a very stable citizen of the animal world.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



"SCAR SHOULDER"

## Making Friends with the Deer

B. JANEITH KNIGHT

FIFTY miles from a railroad, seven miles from provisions or a store of any kind, the Baby Grand in which we were motoring came to a contented stop. Fifteen feet beyond ran a singing mountain river. Towering two hundred feet or more overhead redwoods clustered about us in friendly fashion.

Blue jays scolded as they darted higher. Robin red-breasts peeked cautiously over branches. Inquisitive chipmunks and Douglas squirrels sniffed inquiringly into every package as fast as we unpacked them.

"Lunch before we make camp," said the man half of the team.

"Of course," I replied, as though anyone could think otherwise.

"Look," came a cautious whisper.

I had been doing nothing else but look, too amazed, thrilled, to speak myself.

Into the camp, picking her way daintily, came a beauteous doe. Ernest Thompson Seton is the only one who has ever been able to express the manner of deer getting over the ground. He said: "They do not run on the ground. They only come down occasionally to caress it with their dainty hoofs."

"Dear old 'Scar Shoulder,'" I breathed.

On her right shoulder was a spot bare of covering, as though she had been badly wounded. I grabbed the first thing to eat I could find. It proved to be a box of graham crackers. How old Scar Shoulder came to love them! After throwing out two, which she came forward carefully to get, I held the third at arm's length.

"Come and get it," I coaxed. Over and over I repeated the words.

Slowly, gracefully, she came. She ate six. Then I held out my hand. "All gone," I said. She did not believe me. She nosed each hand and my shoulder, then walked indifferently away. Not until then did I breathe below the second row of lung cells.

Every meal she came. The second day she began eating off the table from a plate: graham crackers, English tea biscuits, nectarines, bananas, potatoes—almost everything offered. She followed me along the path nosing for food.

Scar Shoulder would come directly to me in a line of five others; nose my shoulder, my hands, my pockets, ignoring the rest with a beautiful poise. She became really brazen towards the last, trying to take what I was eating myself; her little nose kinkling in eager anticipation.

And her little cousin, "Haughty Henry." He could not have been more than a year old and so dignified he would not run a step nor eat out of one's hand. Put food on the toe of my boot, lay it right beside me, he would get it gingerly and back away; his nose just an inch higher in the air.

I "stalked" him for forty minutes before I could get a good picture of him. He simply would not pose in the sun. I got one good picture and—forty scratches from fallen trees and shrubs. All the time I do believe Haughty Henry was laughing at me. I suppose next year he will have grown out of recognition. Yet, Haughty Henry would cross the stream, come directly to our camp, eat all we would give him, and go directly back. He ignored the campers above and below us along the river.

Not once did we raise our voices or move



"HAUGHTY HENRY"

suddenly. We had "company" every meal. Our tent was occupied practically all of the time, by "guests."

"Wild" animals are not wild if they are accorded the courtesy to which their grace and beauty and friendliness entitle them. And whoever originated the expression "dumb animals" was not counting at all on anything but speech.

Gray squirrels, Douglas squirrels, chipmunks ate from our plates while we were at table. Occasionally they would mistake a thumb or a finger for a bit of food and then we found out how hard they could bite. I believe from the great quantities of grapes they stored away that a "still" could be found nearby.

I am wondering if we will find Scar Shoulder there this year and if the little bushy tailed rascals will know us when we arrive.

"To have a friend you must be one," applies especially to "wild" ones.

## EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

## An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
  2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
  3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life"
  4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### New Bands of Mercy

Five hundred and sixty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported in February, nearly all being in schools. Of these 179 were in Georgia; 121 in North Carolina; 110 in Rhode Island; 48 in Louisiana; 46 in Massachusetts; 24 in Maine; 15 in Virginia; six in Pennsylvania; four in South Carolina; three in Tennessee; two each in Arizona and Syria; and one each in New Jersey, Illinois, Washington, and California.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 170,552

### A Little Deed of Kindness

JAMES E. KNOWLES

It is noon. Thousands of workers are surging up and down the busy streets of Chicago. The mid-day shoppers are seen carrying bundles and packages, elbowing their way through the crowded streets. Office employees are scurrying about hurriedly to obtain their sandwiches and coffee. It seems that time is the most precious jewel in the universe, that minutes and even seconds are studded with diamonds.

No one, in his mad rush, seems to observe anything except, perhaps, a tiny vacant spot a few feet ahead that will hasten him along. Thousands of thoughts are rampant in the minds of the pedestrians. Eagerly the mob rushes on.

A lady, seemingly jostled about carelessly by the surging throngs of the streets and showing the marks that many cares and worries have wrought, steps aside. Forgetting the onward rush to duty just for a moment, she gently strokes "Old Jim," the big gray horse hitched to a lumbering delivery wagon. A little smile comes over the old lady's face as she turns to go. Old Jim forgets the weary load attached to him and for a moment basks in the pleasantness of a little deed of human kindness, then plunges back at his burden. The throng moves on.



"J. GADGET PEIRCE"

A member of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. of whom his mistress, Miss Emily O. Peirce, writes:

He was both intelligent and kind; he had all the unselfishness of a dog, and noble and generous manners. In the six years that we had him—we found him crying in a snow-storm, evidently having been dropped out of a motor—he made us very happy, and his going was a deep grief. He couldn't talk—but it isn't for what they said that one misses one's friends! And no human being could have been kinder nor more courteous than this small, cheerful and comforting member of our family.

### To Immortalize the Buffalo

FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

THE disappearing American buffalo, which gave the late Col. William F. Cody his nickname, "Buffalo Bill," and which appears in the engraving on our fifty-cent stamps and the bas-relief on our lowly nickel, is to be immortalized still further by Emil W. Lenders, of Ponca City, Oklahoma, an artist who specializes in nature subjects.

William H. Harvey, nicknamed "Coin" Harvey because of a book he issued during William Jennings Bryan's "free silver" campaign, has commissioned Mr. Lenders to paint a buffalo on a copper plate, which is to be placed in a hermetically sealed chamber in a pyramid now being built at Monte Ne, Arkansas, where it will be preserved through the ages.

Mr. Harvey fears that the bison are approaching extinction, as there are now less than 4,000 of them in this country, where once they roamed in countless numbers as monarchs of the prairies. He says that the artificial conditions under which the buffalo now lives has shortened its spine and lessened its chances of permanently surviving.

Perhaps the oldest known painting in the world is of a creature closely resembling the American buffalo, which is reproduced in the "Encyclopedia Britannica." It is one of a number of paintings which were found several years ago when a prehistoric cave in Spain, dry and air-tight, was discovered and opened. The paintings, done on the walls of the cave, are estimated by archeologists to be 50,000 years old.

### The Common Garden Toad

MILES L. PEELE in *The Flower Grower*

TO most of us the toad is familiar, but I am wondering how much gardeners really know about this homely fellow.

Men have placed him in the same group with frogs and salamanders, but he differs from the frog in several respects. First, his skin is not smooth as is the frog's, but covered with warts or enlarged areas of rough cuticular projections. These bumps add greatly to his reputation, as it has often been said that toads cause warts that suddenly appear on our hands. This is erroneous, as friendly Mr. Hop Toad harms no one. Second, he is less active than the frog. His powers of jumping are somewhat restricted. Third, his life history is somewhat different than that of the frog.

Although there are several kinds of toads found in the United States, only one species (*Bufo americanus*) is at all common. This species inhabits gardens in particular. During the day they remain concealed in some dark corner, or beneath a stone or other object where moisture is plentiful, and at night sally forth to feed upon snails, slugs and insects, which they capture with the aid of a sticky tongue as in the case of the frog. Their tongue is fastened near the outer edge of the lower jaw and the free end lies back in the mouth towards the throat. When an insect comes near the tongue is thrown out and laps around the morsel. The sticky secretion holds the insect until it can be returned to the mouth. Thus he may capture fast-moving objects. Frogs and toads both have sharp eyesight for moving objects, and it is doubtful whether they see still objects very distinctly.

Nearly everyone is acquainted with the tadpoles of frogs, and toads have a similar life history. Early in the spring, toads lay eggs in stagnant water in strings of a jelly-like substance, instead of in clusters as do frogs. After five to ten days the eggs hatch into wriggling tadpoles which swim about in the water. Their food is mainly microscopic plants. Swimming is accomplished by means of a tail. Breathing is carried on by means of outside and inside gills. As the tadpole grows these gills are absorbed by the body, and lungs develop. The tadpole soon finds difficulty in breathing so he comes to the surface of the water to fill his lungs with air. Slowly feet appear, the tail is lost, and a tiny toad is seen swimming about.

During July he matures and takes to the banks of the pond or stream. Many other small toads are already there. After a certain number, usually several dozen or more, have gathered, a general movement or migration begins. Many farmers have seen these migrations. Often the toads will follow a ravine or cross a road, thus exposing themselves to great danger from birds and man. Crows are said to be the chief enemy of the young toad. The few that do finally reach a suitable environment, such as a garden, soon busy themselves in catching their weight in insects.

It has been estimated that one toad alone in a single season is worth \$20 to the garden, because of the cutworms it devours. These worms are not the toad's only article of diet, as slugs and insects figure largely. It is indeed a poor gardener that does not value the toad. He is among the ugliest of animals, but one of the most beneficial. Let every gardener protect this friendly fellow; he is worth much.





## Some Little Thing to Love

PHYLLIS FORTUNE

SOMETIMES I wonder how people can live  
Without the glad friendship that animals give.  
Some little thing, no matter how small,  
To love you is better than nothing at all.  
Some little kitten, a stray, humble thing,  
Or some little bird with a droop to its wing;  
Some little something, no matter how small—  
Isn't it better than nothing at all?

Feed the lame bird and then bind up its wing—  
Soon it will perch on your finger and sing!  
Tuck the starved kitten up under your chin—  
Hear it purr "Thank you" for letting it in!  
So many tables and so many scraps;  
So many timid paws begging for laps!  
Some little something, no matter how small—  
Isn't it better than nothing at all?

## A Friendly Bunny

ETTIE BURKE WIGGINS

ABOUT Easter time we moved to our new home in the suburbs, beyond which were old fields and woods. The children took with them their pet mother bunny, giving it a wire chicken coop for a home.

Just after sunrise the next morning, one of the children looked out the window and cried excitedly, "Oh, run and see a strange little bunny feeding 'Molly'!"

Behind the curtains we witnessed an interesting bit of life from nature. During the night little wild flowers had sprung up over the grass. The wild rabbit carried these in his teeth and pushed them through the wire to the tame bunny who ate them greedily. After numerous trips, some sudden noise startled him and he scampered away, and we never saw him again.

## The Happiest Dog in Medford



A SUBSCRIBER in Medford, Mass., sends this picture of his dog "Gypsia," which he says is the happiest dog in that city. In more than two years he has never beaten "Gypsia" nor kept her chained up. She has many friends among the children who asked to have her picture in *Our Dumb Animals*. So here it is.

## "Babe"

LUTHER R. BARAW

ABOUT fourteen years ago Christmas, a family of eight children were presented with a thoroughbred Welsh pony. She was registered under the name of "Myrtha," but Myrtha was a bit difficult to say, so "Babe" was substituted. In a short length of time Babe became a full-fledged member of the family. Each day she was driven a mile and a half to



"BABE" CARRYING THE CHILDREN TO SCHOOL

school. It mattered not to her how many youngsters were picked up on the way. Usually she had a full load, and Babe would hold her head high, seemingly proud of her precious cargo. It was always a source of much pleasure, especially to the boys, to boast of Babe's speed. Often she was the victor in a race with a large horse and an exciting account followed each occurrence.

At home when any schoolmates or playmates came to visit, Babe was always saddled, and each one had a ride, sometimes three or four at once. At any country fair or exhibition, she was always present, her dark bay coat shining, and her beautiful mane and tail flowing. The center of attraction for children, Babe would politely and proudly do her stunts: counting, jumping rope, etc. She is not a trained show pony, but possesses almost human intelligence, and a few harmless tricks had been patiently taught her.

Babe is now twenty-seven years old. The hair about her forehead and eyes is becoming gray. Never has she felt the cut of a whip or heard a cross word. Each morning she comes running from the barn to the house for her usual treat of sweets. She knocks gently with her hoof upon the step, and attention is received. Then off she goes for a race through the snowy fields. Storm or wind matter little to Babe. She realizes the need of fresh air and exercise for her health.

Babe is not driven much now, but is ever ready when needed. She is queen of Jersey Hill Farm, a dearly loved member of the family. A mint of gold could not purchase her.

In lifting a cat from the ground, do not lift the upper part of the body, leaving the legs hanging down. Lift gently by placing one hand under the fore legs and at the same time lift the hind legs with the other hand. Do not take her by the nape of the neck. A grown cat is too heavy and may be injured if lifted in that way.

## Values

ETHEL FAIRMONT

THE things you love have value far  
Beyond what money values are.

Love is the world's most sorry dearth,—  
The lonely souls know best its worth.

The things you love have their own place  
Through love, to bring your mind more grace.

More gentleness of thought and deed,—  
And thus fulfill a spiritual need.

My dog and cat have many a trait  
My spirit well may emulate.

Unswerving loyalty they show . . .  
(And that's the rarest trait I know!)

They know I love them. May their trust  
Make me more merciful and just.

Things loved bring out the Best in you,—  
They have important work to do.

## "The Humane Bulletin"

New Pamphlet of 96 Pages for Use of  
Teachers Now Ready

Copies are now available of the new pamphlet entitled, "The Humane Bulletin," published by the American Humane Education Society. It is an enlarged and revised edition of the booklet, "Humane Treatment of Animals and Birds—Suggestions to Teachers for Instruction in Humaneness," as compiled by Miss Kate McLemore and published by the Board of Education of Alabama.

There are separate sections for each of the six elementary grades, and one for junior high school grades. In each of these sections there is a "main thought" which serves as a text for the lessons, illustrated by references to the "Material for Teachers" which comprises the second half of the booklet. There are several songs in each section. Miss S. J. Eddy, Vice-President of the Society, has written the lyrics. Illustrations, including calendars, pictures, etc. Practical instructions on the care of horses, mules, cows, swine, fish, birds, poultry, cats and dogs are presented in detail.

The whole is a pretty complete manual for humane instruction, and a copy of the Bulletin should be found on the desk of every teacher who makes any pretense to teaching humane education. Societies interested in teaching kindness to animals in schools will wish to supply these pamphlets in large numbers. For this reason the price has been placed at cost, 12 cents per copy, ten copies for one dollar, postpaid. Address all orders to American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## Animal Welfare Meeting

At the mass meeting to be held in the Bulfinch Place Church, Boston, on Humane Sunday, April 14, at 3:15 P. M., Rev. Christopher R. Eliot will preside. Five addresses will be given: "Bird Study and Bird Protection," Winthrop Packard; "The Function of the Animal Rescue League as I See It," Julian Codman; "Vegetarianism and Animal Welfare," Dr. Florence W. Duckering; "An Unpopular Branch of Animal Welfare Work," John S. Codman; "Approaching the Great Goal," Dr. Francis H. Rowley. There will be music and readings of poems by Mrs. Lucille Vandiver. The anti-cruelty societies of Boston will exhibit and distribute humane literature. Everybody is invited to attend this meeting.

## HALF-TONE CUTS FOR SALE

Printing plates of animal pictures in great variety, suitable for humane society reports, leaflets, periodicals, etc. Illustrations from "Our Dumb Animals." Many sizes, 133 screen. At less than half cost. For further information, address, "Our Dumb Animals," 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## The Goat in Stable Fires

Not long since the secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A. called the attention of horse owners to the usefulness of the goat and donkey in times of fire where horses are stabled. It is generally well-known that the horse is so terrified by fire as to be uncontrollable and hence difficult to rescue by human hands. The goat is not so affected. He is calm, courageous and a born leader. A remarkable instance of his intelligent leadership was not long ago cited in the *Montreal Star* when this "friend of all the world" covered himself with glory by saving seventy-five horses at a fire which broke out early one morning in the stables of a big brewery. The account stated that with the first cry of fire Billy, the goat, started to run up and down between the long rows of stalls. The horses were panic-stricken. With great difficulty the watchman unfastened the halters and turned the horses loose in the stables. Billy, who was quite calm, led the way through the smoke to the open street. In the first trip he led out twenty frightened horses; as soon as he had escorted them to a place of safety he went back for some more. He returned again and brought out the remaining horses, thus saving all of them. Eyewitnesses said that had it not been for the goat probably all the horses would have been lost.

## That Cat of Mine

ERNEST WARREN BROCKWAY

HE'S just a plain, everyday cat. He hasn't any fancy pedigree; for aught I know he may have been very lowly born, for I secured him from the Animal Rescue League in the city where I live. But there isn't another cat living, though he might have a royal pedigree, that can take his place in my home and in my heart.

Oh, I act foolish over him, I suppose, but I have no defense to offer. I think he's extra pretty and extra smart. Probably my perspective is out of focus; if so, I'm glad it is.

When I drive up to my home at night, that plain, everyday cat knows the sound of my car before it stops and either jumps up on the window-sill or comes to the door to meet me. He does a lot of other things, too, that have "got me."

He does like to eat and he knows just how to play on my weakness. Because of this I fear I shall hasten his death by overfeeding. But what else can I do when, as he sees me eating, he gets up in a chair and watches with his big and round bright eyes every mouthful that I take, every movement that I make, yet never utters a begging cry? Though I may have fed him only a short time before he wants more—that is, if it is something that is especially toothsome to him. Oh, yes, I'll admit I've made him dainty, but when I'm eating something that I know he likes isn't it rather selfish to feed him something else—some kind of mere cat food? The latter might be all right for an ordinary cat, but my cat is an extraordinary cat—at least he is in my way of thinking.

And when it comes to comfortable places to rest his big fat body he has the best to be found in the house; and he doesn't have to be introduced to these places. And I, in my foolishness over that plain, everyday cat, think that he deserves the best he can get.

I could go on telling a lot of other things about that plain, everyday cat of mine, but as I act foolish over him, I suppose, what's the use? I must say one thing more, however, and that is that though he may not have been endowed with a fancy pedigree, he knows how to get what he wants—and he gets it. What more could any cat wish for?

Still a fellow who believes in predestination jumps just as far at the sound of a honk.

—Schenectady Gazette

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

## TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

## RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

## FORM OF BEQUEST

I do hereby give, devise and bequeath to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), incorporated by special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, the sum of . . . . . dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



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